

476 2003

You become bored when there is nothing happening inside you. And nothing happens inside you when the outside world keeps the mind distracted. One stills the outside world in order to unleash the power within.

Unleash the power within !

Vladimir Nabokov:

"It is instructive to think that there is not a single person in this room, or for that matter, in any room in the world, who, at some nicely chosen point in historical space-time would not be put to death, there and then, here and now, by a commonsensical majority in nightmarish rage.

The color of one's creed, neckties, eyes, thoughts, manners, speech, is sure to meet somewhere in time or space with a fatal objection from a mob that hates that particular tone. And the ^{more} brilliant, the more unusual the man, the nearer he is to the stake.

Stranger always rhymes with danger.

The week prophet, the enchanter in his cave, the indignant artist, the nonconforming little schoolboy, all share in the same sacred danger.

And thus being so, let us bless them,
let us bless the freak; for in the natural
evolution of things, the ape would ~~have~~
perhaps never have become man had not a
freak appeared in the family.

Anybody whose mind is proud enough not to
feel true secretly carries a bomb at the
back of his brain, and so I suggest
just for the fun of the thing, taking that
private bomb and carefully dropping it a
upon the model city of common sense.

In the brilliant light of the ensuing
explosion, many curious things will appear...

Beyond the crucified ego self-murdered
In schizophenic waters identities down
Eyes blazing with demonic intensity
Sick of being set up just to be knocked down

I mock my own bones and skin
, realize how infantile I've been
So, what chance do you stand
When I analyse you on demand?

Running into the woods screaming
In purple moonbeams blaspheming
Abrazas gathering outcasts and freaks,
Strangers not in clubs, outsidies and geeks

An inner movement to accept and begin
Disintegrating the conflicting elements within
Ninja using night sight and woods karate
Keeping notes on this biography

ego DIS-integration

Xo music of back to
"Let's go start..."
the

Sheat Machine Cow Breeder Bleeder Feeder

Also the Almighty Eater

Six hundred sixty six children

Scattered like leaves

Rhyming for the sake of diss'in

Their point I am miss'in

Destroy my ego, but still I won't listen

Your ass, the thick finn ain't kiss'in

This brain ain't idle Last name Wave

First name Tidal All poetics is death recital

Philosophers, are we even vital?

Like a werewolf I lock myself in a cocoon

at the first scent of another wicked moon

Devouring chicken wings to stave off death

My emotions storming under my breath

I am the stranger-to-yourself

That which you would rather not ~~see~~ see

Strange to all, strange even to me

'Cause I'm bonding with the idea

of my own cemetery

I recoil from the lack of empathy
From the local community

Taking it to the streets of Astbury

Take me down Abraxas

I am a vessel for thought

Don't want to be bought

Love eats me alive inside the hive

From their pouches they talk shit and jive

Take a warm bullet for trying to sing

Never imagined the trouble it would bring

Walking by the jewelery store mocking the king

Drink tea in jest, never claimed to be hip

But bop-bop-uh-hey

To me I am crisp

Loving out my own trap

With blood dripping I skip.

My jaw unharmed for now
But I chew with few or less teeth
Sighing with grief, I ask for relief

Our bones don't sigh or wonder why
But they break and our flesh cries
I be you, you be me
And we do die, you see

We do die, be me —

We do die, be I
We do die, so don't believe the lie

Smell your own shit,
Bye-bye amerikan pie

Only through writing do we resist the urge
To follow our death wish down down down
Deeper into darker ground
Two towers down down in one mound

Brother kill me, then sister pray
Hostility one morning glory go away
Why Germanic today?

I'm not taking my low status lightly
Offended from a distance —
Wiss'in me more than slightly

Within a Language of Piss and Shit
Into the poetic political philosophy pit.
Shadow Creatures Coiled, prepared to spit
Why do I walk through the local hoods?
Why don't I just stay in the dark woods?
Why don't I just stay in the dark woods?

Bless my soul
Too ignorant to be controlled
I walk and they mock, I mock right back
Give their grand master wizard a heart attack
Offend conventionality

Beg common sense to crucify me

Why not connect your exhaust
Back into the passengers' and drivers' care?

Get your money's worth
You worked hard to earn the fare
Get every penny's worth

Of the Combusted Air

Don't be so generous with your poison fumes

Filling all our Earthly Mother's rooms

Silence me while I spit on my own tomb

How many creatures have sealed their doom

By being born under the bane

Of the eschatological zoom?

Drink Christ Tea from European ground

Breed hostility just walking around

With my head down to the ground

~~just~~ singing sounds

Silly Rabbit, Sad Clown

Disintegrated in my hometown

Exorcist Three Catastrophe

Not me afraid of my humanity
Sometimes I begin to see

The Sacred Dancer Breathing Me

Overheating heartless snark is detrimental

to my mental health

The Common Wealth Street Herds

question my stealth

I am not blessed with wealth

Don't wanna be a daddy

To cell blocks or caddies

I have never gotten to be a fatty

But I adapt and chow down
an all-beef-patty

Empty my bladder

Shit and forgive my lack of manners
Piss at where I want to be murdered

I'm burning down the wage-slavery barns

Who is the boss of those who holler?
Is it Marshal Mathers or Half a Dollar?

Major Governor President Bruce?

Or the Abe Lincoln without any juice?

Who sings my life?

I do so blue

Death do die me do

Death do die me do

Sleeping inside a groo

Give me a couple hours to notify you

I would be Kafka, but

I am not a Jew.

Thirty six year old Huck Finn

When I was seventeen

Into the woods I went trippin

Out over that thin line

Drunkin morning glory moonshine

Then a soulful Abing hand

Backed up the poet from jungle land

Now seventeen is thirty six

And they treat me like a rabbit eatin' Trix

Keep your trick fix

Give me some oatmeal mix

And a couple of wooden flick sticks

Hear my own song, echo my mix

On a dark basketball court

They were playin' ball to bust my gort

Under the hoop, my tired Old Spirit broken

Ego gently destroyed

The young bucks have spoken

Behold Native Mind and his open manifest

I bow with respect when I log onto

his secret nest

Journalists with zest, and Jenni protest
All Als work is not taken in jest

Tracking gnosis, he never nests

Taking Tom Brown's Acid Test

I wish I started younger to brush
With crest

Ha Ha Hee Hee

Hats off to thee Aborigine

The Good Devil plays the fiddle

Like Old Harmony

Now there's Sicity

Proving in spirit to be truly free

But our flesh just can't find the key

—Hunt

Into The Iron Cage of Rationality

9-9

10 September (253) Wednesday

Yesterday, coming home from Red Bank,
passing all the McMansions, I found

myself cursing the houses themselves,

mumbling how "they are gonna get what's
coming to them."

When I stopped by Henderson's garage,
Ed Jr. had made fun of my briefcase,
mocking that I went on an "interview".

I became even more agitated, processing
the social reality of being seen as a joke
by the social fabric. As I walked,
the anger built up.

I got back to the house and began
finished painting Luis's fence. Before she
paid me, she talked to me while she
swept. We talked about my being down & out.

With the \$20 I got a little pot, and then, as though I were inviting death, "tempting fate", I took the old 55 helmit, covered the swastika, and smoked as I headed into town.

Was I walking to Main Street? I made it as far as the corner of Broad Street and Throckmorton Street, where I shouted Ed Jr, Steve, and José my helmit.

I asked Ed (jokingly) if he would give me \$20 for walking down Main Street freehold with the swastika exposed and helmit placed squarely upon my head.

Ed said, "What about Marlboro?" I said that would be \$100.

When I showed José and Steve the FL on the helmit, they immediately knew

that I was having some kind of psychotic episode. I asked José if I should wear the helmit. He said, "If you believe in the symbol, then put it on."

I said, "I don't know. I know I am in a rage. I know that all the potato fields have been replaced by McMansion developments and that the wealthy people that live there are served by an army of infatigable Aztecs."

I got to the 6-12, but never went in — and I left the helmit off my head. Steve came to 6-12, went in, and then came out and sat by me — as though he were trying to "calm me down."

I knew I was in the middle of a psychotic break. Steve tried to reach me. He said he was born in the house he lives in now. He empathized.

José just took off. He most likely felt insulted by the Swastika, but fuck him, if he can't understand my warped sense of humor and irony. I am extremely intelligent, and I want to be murdered. I am asking to be killed: "Look here, I do not fit in. Why not? Because I am not a hard working uneducated Mexican, because I am not a well-to-do Jew with assets and worldly sense, because I am not black — I do not fit because I have an extremely complex inner emotional life. People around here think I am a bum; they do not respect what I have seen through; they do not respect my education, but judge me as scum!!!

This angers me; no, This infuriates me! When the drunk delirious older Mexican male passed me, I recalled when he ~~fallen~~ the fly. He asked me for a cigarette and Steve left. Then the Mexican proceeded to communicate with me honestly, telling me that he knew I was crazy over Nati, and that I must stop wandering ~~up~~ over here to see her. He accused me of being a heroine addict, a drunk, a cocaine addict. He said, as he made gestures of shooting a needle into the arm, "You shoot too much dope?"

I was indignant, retorting that, "No — I have too much EDUCATION!" pointing to my brain.

As I digested the THREAT, I sensed this guy was somehow related to Nati.

I wondered why Nati told me she does not mind my coming in to speak to her. Was all this coming from the machismo element of the local Mexican community?

The guy asked me where I lived (rhetorically), telling me he knew I

lived with mommy o senora

"Where would you live with Nati, at your mommy's house?"

The more I digested his honest

perceptions of me, the more I felt like attacking him. Did he

say I was a "negro"?

He said there will be problems, and that, if Nati were to marry and I were to continue to try to form a

relationship with her, I would be killed. So, I said, "oh - because I am white?"

But I think it has more to do with the fact I am DOWN and OUT, and that many local folks believe I am some kind of dope fiend.

"Nati - No Marijuana..."

He was/is being protective of Nati. Whether or not she wants to be

protected or not. This is not up to Nati; regardless of her feelings - that she does not mind my advances -

there will be trouble were I to continue to be obsessed with her.

I wanted to be clear about it,

so I asked him to verify my understanding.

"You are telling me not to come here anymore? And - what - you are going to tell me where I can walk? If I am walking out in the woods and carrying a stick, I will swing on the bunch of you!"

All the while, the man said,

"You just TAKE IT EASY. You get drunk and go to sleep. Don't come walking down here to see Nat. You take it easy or else."

So I walked down the tracks wanting to end my life. This world is so stupid. There is no place for an honest man. An honest man is always in trouble.

As I made my way down the tracks wondering how I might be able to free myself from BEING TRAPPED IN MY OWN SKIN, I was appreciative of the shattering of polite society. I had been confronted by reality itself.

Now I was trying to get myself killed by associating myself with all the negative energies ~~as~~ that people associate with the swastika.

The irony is that society was forcing me into this scum bag white man box, and the result being that I embrace my tribal Germanic roots in self defense against an economy that wants to control the masses.

When I got back to the house, I confided in my nephew that I had already made a decision to kill myself, and that when the opportunity came, I would not look back. I mentioned "Billy" and said I see that he got what he wanted - sweet release from this stupid world. And the world is so utterly stupid. Why prolong the agony?

I don't think my nephew understands. I would kill myself not to shock people, but to LIBERATE MY

AWARENESS FROM LIFE -

Then my nephew must have spoken to my mother. She knew about the Nazi Helmet and "my walk into town". She accused me of having a death wish.

I promised myself I would pack a bag and walk to the psychiatric ward when I got to the point where I was a danger to myself. I give up.

I will pack diaries 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, this 76, and photo book $= 77 = h^2$

X

12:45 to 4:30 pm waiting at Centra State.

No body available here on Jersey Shore. They would let me just walk out of here. Toms River? Carrier Clinic? Long Branch? What is this? The system fails.

X

7PM I am told I will be picked up at 8PM, and I suspect I will be starved for the rest of the evening and into the night. Somehow, they are depending upon my own "good nature" to keep me "calm".

X

d,

Note about RAGE = "agitation & psychosis"

Saint Barnabas Health Care System

drug brand treats

TRAZODONE Desyrel depression with anxiety

take 50 mg (if needed) to sleep

ESCITALOPRAM Lexapro severe depression

a selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor
[SSRI] 10 mg C 8 AM

HYDROXYZINE Vistaril anxiety, tension,
nervousness, nausea
50 mg (if needed)

HALOPERIDOL Haldol emotional disorders
mental disorders
children with "severe
behavior problems"

5 mg (if needed) for agitation & psychosis

While I love to smoke marijuana, and I
will never deny the therapeutic benefits
of the sacred herb (calming my breathing),
depending my appreciation for celebrity,
curing nausea, curing boredom, giving
me a creative mood, making music
quite sacred - as well as things I've
written) there is a hypothesis that
Withdrawal from marijuana begins about
2 days after the last smoke session,
and withdrawal symptoms are anxiety,
stress, and agitation (RAGE).
This is something I will consider
even though I've told 55T
that smoking pot helps my condition.

I met with Dr. Israel. He will prescribe me an anti-depressant and a mood stabilizer. He said that smoking cigarettes and pot counter the effects of the medications. I have been tremulously vocal and even a bit arrogant in my challenges. I have confronted several counselors about my lack of faith in the 12 steps of AA - the cure all for all illnesses, bad habits, addictions.

I was accused of monopolizing the meeting. Here I am trying to get help (back on medications). I am not trying to "be a better person", "make amends", "take inventory", etc...

Think about this. I am putting my faith in a higher power: psychiatrist & meds. The meds are legally prescribed drugs, whereas, say, Marijuana, is an illegal herb/drug).

So, I am here to become balanced. Once I am back on "my medication", I might become less agitated - my moods less intense. Then I might be better able to cope with my resentment. The meds won't prevent resentment, but they will help me respond to the resentment in a less intense manner.

So far I may have caused some tension between myself and the staff, but as I am trying to be honest (and not just arguing for the sake of arguing), how can they not respect this?

I am an AA-Refusenik!

"One-Bliss-Way-ism": common
denominator of the Industrialized World,
McDonaldization, and Three-Step-ism.

There are other ways to live.

Efficiency is not a good variable to
maximize, not when Quality suffers.

X

As I am not permitted off the unit on
the first day, I was able to sit in
on the "adult Psychiatric patient group"
rather than hit a meeting with the
"Mentally Ill/Chemically Addicted" group.

I really opt much out of the meeting,
and the intelligent and beautiful white
woman leading the discussion restored
my faith in the race, ha says.

Perhaps Nati is most definitely not my type
at all after all!

This seems to be the case. Now, I
am going to attempt to speak to Dr.
Ismeal tomorrow about perhaps meeting
with the Adult Psychiatric patients in the
daytime (the 3:30-4:30pm group before dinner)
instead of the bogus 12 step group.

The 8pm-9:30pm will be difficult to get

out of, and such AA/NA meetings could be

fun, but hardly informative. Fact Jack.

When I arrived: 09-10 Wed 9pm
Leave by 9-17 Wednesday? 9-15 Monday

This means that I will miss my Monday
appointment with Kimberly from Waters & Sims,
so I must call there to reschedule,
explaining to her that I am in St. Barnabas
to get back on my MEDICATION.

A new world is coming brothers and sisters.
So, Nati would have been told by Nigel and
Kay and the other girl that I said I was leaving.

X

d₂

When I was woken up at 6:00, I immediately jumped up onto my feet, and seemed to forget all my dreams. I threw on the hospital gowns and felt the Dostoevskian "A Day in the Life of Ivan Ilyich" feeling in my head, all "spacey" and politely agitated. Aware of my negativistic thought processes, (my awareness) placed a leash carefully around the neck of the grouchy pitbull that is my Head, my ever present core temperament, that intangible and transparent AWARENESS-ITSELF, the awareness-of-being-awareness.

The body breathes the universe - Complex cellular tribes create the illusion of intelligence, even the illusion that BEING AWAKE OR BEING AWARE is SELF.

On Prado - she is hostile and arrogant and must think I am stupid.

Her and the social workers were telling me my mother said I could no longer live ~~live~~ there in her basement. She said she is at her wits end with me. Mom told me, when I confronted her, that I could go to Oxford House or something. She must have spoken to her sponsor, Mary. People are busy bodies.

I explained the agreement we had, that I was to get back on my medication or else I would be living in a tent. So, what sense does it make for her to trap me out of the basement as soon as I got back on meds?

so, now Mom agrees to pick me up on Monday morning 9/15. I will mention this to "Beth".

Also, I am now "level 2" and will eat in cafeteria tonight.

Even cooler, I have been switched to Adult Psychiatry and am exempt from attending AA/NA. How I

despise the Twelve Step program.

The hatred I have for it stupidity is as great as the hatred I have for the puritan work ethic and the meritocracy of social Darwinism.

No more "MICA" — and

No — I do not have a substance abuse problem. I told the doctor, when she questioned why I would not work at

Shop Rite as though I should be happy to work there, "I would rather die than work there!"

I had told the social worker that in no way would I consider working 2 jobs, that this is a vulgar idea, an insult.

These social workers and psychiatrists do not like to deal with a proud individual. Why is a positive attitude so important to the McDonaldized society we live in?

When I return to Freehold I will seek Housing through the office on Springs Street (now that I am a mental health consumer). Also, I will contact CPC.

X

The social worker seemed to have a problem with my mother picking me up on Monday morning. Now, if my mom changes her mind again, I can be assured that these psychiatrists and

social workers DO manipulate family members into not taking patients in.

If Monday is too soon (4 days), then I would have to wait until Wednesday. If I can't move back into Mom's, I will get a ride to Social Services, explain my homelessness, and then drop off books at the house, pack up backpack and head for the tent in the woods.

Then I will go to Springs Street.

Today, I will call CPC access # and inquire about outpatient treatment as I

am now a Mental Patient (officially).

I intend to be compliant with my meds, but I refuse (will) to participate with in the Monopoly of The Steppin' that has the nation in its God fearing, wage-slavery promoting grip.

X

The people in this Mental Hospital are so very cool. People have compassion and humor. Remember those folks and the way they accept me even with my subversive thoughts.

That choke Fred respected my intellectual honesty, my integrity. Sherry (Sheryl), Alicia (the German young woman), Stacy 23, ~~Stacy~~ 40 (my man Anthony), president Harry, then there is Penny, Wong, Rose, and others that left before me, and those that arrive as I am leaving.

I am grateful to have read Jack Trumpers material, Charles Bufo's material, as well as the Diseaseing of America — might be time to reread that stuff.

When I get an internet account again I will check out AA DEPROGRAMMING. So, Wednesday morning I say Adios to Miguel and Kay and the young beautiful one.

Kay seems surprised that I say, "Fuck Mexico!" after Miguel asks if I am moving out of state on to Mexico. She seemed confused, saying with a nervous smile, "Why? What happened (in Mexico)?" So, will they suspect I went into a psychiatric hospital? Do they think I was afraid on that my feelings were hurt? I mean, word will get around that a CHICANO confronted me and greatly insulted me. No more will I be kind. Don't tell me to take it easy!

I remember bits, fragments of the psychological experiences during sleep. I mentioned the album ... there was also a long, winding road around a huge industrial-prison complex very much like our own creepy New Jersey cities' nightmare world of factories and low-income cages for the working poor mocked brutally by the presence of grotesquely luxurious 3-car garages homes. Anyway, it had the mood of postmodern science fiction — if there is such a genre: an anti-utopia, an ugly dehumanizing scene with high fences, tall concrete structures dripping with the slime of pollutants from the abused air. (6)

I have been manic throughout the day — this could be the anti-depressant as the mood stabilizers may not have kicked in yet. One of the staff members played guitar and we sang some songs — such as "Knockin' On Heaven's Door". I hurried a fence, walked around the yard like a caged tiger, stretched my legs, and witnessed Nicole (staff) observing me with a smile.

The staff member who gave me the paint ~~was~~ is also beautiful and intelligent. In fact, I could see myself loving her — that is — I would be much better off with her than with Nati. Amazing how easily I fall for attractive, intelligent females.

Am I ready to return to Freshold?

I painted a mandella today. It symbolizes becoming whole. Perhaps I am to merge with tribalvortex.com

50,000 y.a. brain became modern size.

Mongols, Caucasians, Negroes.

Mankind specializes in mental power rather than physical power

Africa → Asia & Europe →

↓ Americas

Stone Age → Tool using animals

Stone tools

first technology

Then fire (essential tool in cold climate)

ashes left nearly 500,000 years ago.

Without fire, never could have made it out of the tropics of Africa

Ice Age: 2 million years ago?

Interrupted by warm periods: Megalium

75,000 y.a. began last glacial period
Land bridges appeared... isolated islands

South East Asia → one large land mass

Between Asia and Americas - an enormous exchange of creatures

Water levels rose, creating present continental boundaries.

From Alaska down into the Americas, into South America

Most widespread animal in the world.

10,000 y.a. → progressed socially

Hunters/gatherers still in Brazil (look like Indians / Mexicans)

The shaman → religious ceremonies

Improved technology made game scarce.

Horse extinct in America until Europeans came (Spain)

freedom begins where work ends.

We don't have to work. We can live without Pepsi Cola, expensive clothes, wide screen televisions, and expensive interior decorating.

Do not sell your happiness for money.

The less money you spend, the less money you have to worry about getting, the less hours you will have to spend at some dehumanizing job.

If we all walk away from our jobs, the system would break down. Fuck George Bush's war machine economy.

There are enough automobiles,

enough shopping malls, enough televisions and golf clubs, enough fucking nuclear weapons already!

Liberate yourself from the chains of

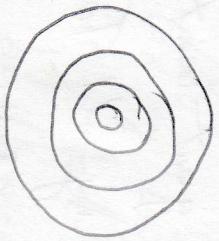
mindless consumerism and mind numbing employment.

The longing for a primitive mode of existence is no mere fantasy or sentimental whim; it is consonant with fundamental human needs, the fulfillment of which is precondition for our survival.

When man began to desire private property, then entered violence, and fraud, and theft, and rape.

Soon after pride and envy broke out in the world - people began to consider themselves poor when they behold their own possessions exceeded by their neighbors.

I want to embrace my incapacity for civilization - I do not wish to be "a subject", "an employee".



TAKING IT TO THE LIMIT WITH FORCE

I am about to post my first poem since "ego-disintegration". It will not rhyme. It is inspired by the book *Kallocain*, written by Swedish woman Karin Boye (1900-1940) who died by suicide.

Also, Keith Murray's ~~got~~ CHRISTINA.

quote = "The Aborigine"

The IW is a pyramid structure, where even the few rich can all but keep up with the daily challenge of trying to stay alive in the IW.

There are just a few princes and princesses in the IW, the rest are disenfranchised serfs.